

Visions (Future or Past)

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Summary: Just a sample of things to come. I plan on writing a series on this guy. Rated PG-13 for violence but its probably as close to PG you can be while still being PG-13. This is an FF8 Fic (for those who are reading FF8s) and enjoy! -- I've decided to continu

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CLANG!!!

Ultimécio's gunblade collided violently with is armor-clad agressor's broadsword, sending a shower of sparks to the ground. The two weapons were locked together as if struggling in mortal combat themselves as their weilders pressed the weapons against the opposite. The League warrior pressed his entire body weight onto his weapon, in an attempt to overpower the young warrior's hybrid battle tool. This did not work very well. Ultimécio easily held him back with a single arm until he tired with the foolish combatant. He quickly spun the blade around to a thrusting position and rammed the cold steel through his enemy's armor. A small river of crimson fluid oozed through his chest until the blood no longer flowed.

Ultimécio held down the cadaver and yanked his weapon from it. He walked along the black, rocky earth to the overhanging peninsula of a cliff. There stood the strongest warrior in this entire tapestry of a single reality. He raised his weapon over his head as if to call upon strength from the heavens. As if in response to his call, a bolt of sizzling lightnig struck down upon the metal blade and transmuted it into a ring, with the head of a lion, which adorned his right index finger. He raised his fist up to his eyes and looked down upon the ring.

"They are the ones who must be destroyed if my world is to be brought back. They are the ones I must kill. Squall and Rinoa Leonhart. They must die!"

And standing tall the figure raised a head and pointed the ring adorned hand with clenched fingers skyward. A swirling red portal appeared in front of the black-clad warrior. That black-clad warrior named:

ULTIMECIO LEONHART

End  
file.